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A Cypres

# Garland.

For the Sacred Fore-  
*head of our late Sovereigne*  
KING JAMES.

By *Hugh Holland.*

*P. Omnis Naso.*  
*Infelix habitum temporis huius habet.*

LONDON,  
Printed for *Simon Waterfon.*  
M DCXXV.





# TO MY LORD: THE DUKE OF BVCKING.

H A M S Grace: Whom God

*Preserve.* I will requite I may learn to have

**P**RIVATE acknowledgment may not suffice for Publique curtesies, And what more publique then a Kings presence: Very glad therefore I should haue bin of the least opportunity to expresse my thankfulness: and much more grieved at the heart I am, that now I haue so rust occasion. But all the Noble Favours which I haue receiued at your Gracious Hands, I haue layd vp in a gratefull Heart. It was you that by the hand of his, nor once, nor twice, to kisse that awful hand of his, to which I durst not haue else aspired With  
A a what

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

what sweetnesse and brauery the Great Majesty of Brit-  
taine, imbraced then his meanest Vassal, and those my  
humble Compositions, Our young Soueraigne ( then  
Prince of my Country ) your Grace and the Honourable  
Lords then present, perhaps remember ( sure I am, I can ne-  
uer forget ) And if I do, let my right hand forget her cun-  
ning. But I will repress my selfe, least I may seeme to haue  
picks occasion, rather to boast my selfe ; then to bewaile  
him. And yet in spite of mine owne modesty, in spite  
of others malignity, in the approbation of *James the great*,  
I do I must, I will euer triumph His Majesty to me did  
much grace : and faine to his memory would I do some  
Glory. Oft to my comfort I spake or wrote to Him, how to  
my griefe I only write of him. This Elegy vents more  
sorrow then wit. For in wit the lesse I was to labour, in  
whose roome matter had succeded, If it be too longe,  
thinke that my teares haue drowned my inke : if it be too  
short,



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

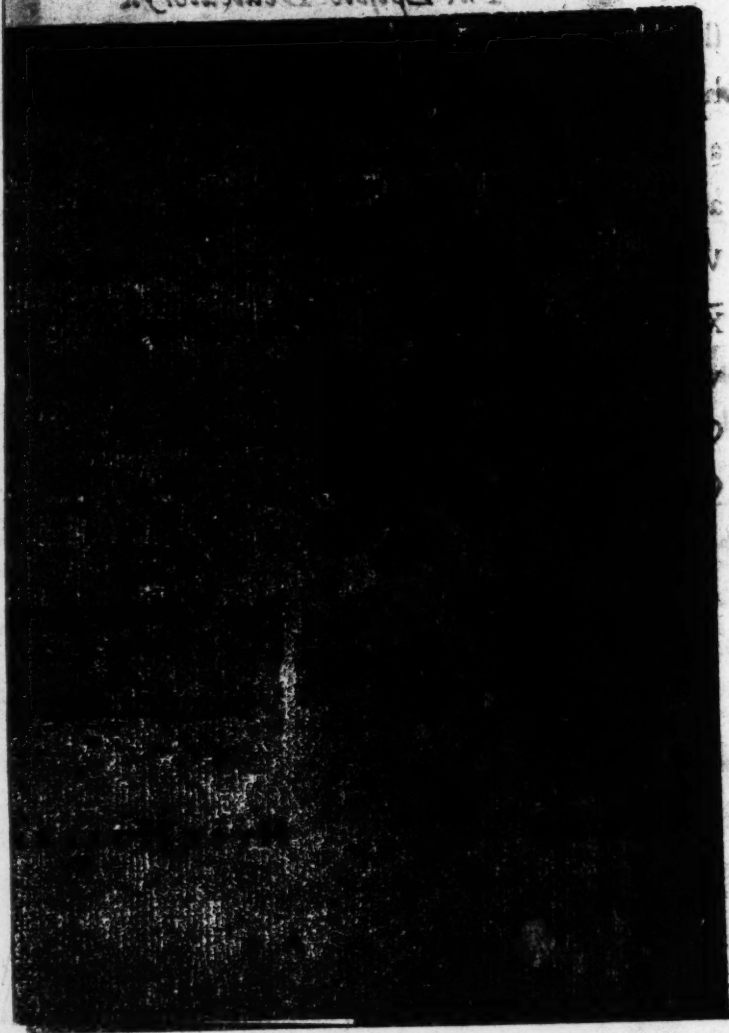
short, thinketh that my sighes both take at once, and teares  
have drayned. With his Highnes, at Westminster I  
also offer vp my Pen, consecrating the life thereof to Him,  
and him to eternity. I will conclude with publique vowes.  
With vowes  $\bar{X}$  and with vowes  $\bar{XX}$ . So with  $\bar{X}$  so with  
 $\bar{XX}$ . The God of *Jacob* proiest all his Elixar of blessings  
vpon the Sonne and Seede of *JACOB*. That King  
*CHARLES* may ever live in the fauour of God, your  
Grace in his, and I in yours.

*Your Graces seruants*  
*in much affection*

**HUGH HOLLAND**

A 3

The Epistle Dedicatory.





A CYPRES GARLAND, FOR  
the Sacred Fore-head of our Late Soueraine  
raigne King JAMES.

**N**ow wil reade my Rimes, & with exceeding  
Sweet grace, & accent, mend them in the re-  
So would be praise the manner, & the matter, (ding  
Nor did they him, he rather them did flatter.  
For with his sugred lips my eares be charmed:  
And with his snowy Hand my lips be warmed.  
But now the frost of Death my heart hath chilled:  
My blood is through my eyes to teares distilled.  
His Ague hath me whole, that for ending,  
I neither haue a head, nor hand for writing.

# A Cypres Garland.

Great Britany, that knowes no other bounders,  
But Heauin and Sea, lost lately Both her Founders  
My Master King of Armes, by mans apointment:  
My Soueraign King of Peace, by Gods anointment.  
Oh that my Soueraigne had bin longer liued,  
Or had my Camden yet a while suruiued:  
With Angells quill (what else can reach his glory?)  
To write this mortall Gods immortal story.  
But in that other world, which neuer endeth,  
Him with his Lords his Herald he attendeth.

How many Great ones here not meanly graced,  
In thirteenth months the dance of Death haue traced  
Three Earles, two Dukes, a Marquis & a Baron:  
(Who then may scape thy boat vncurteous Caron)  
Besides

# A Cypres Garland. A

Besides young Wriothsly, who the Earle his Father,  
Then to suruiue, chose to associate rather.  
Two of the House were Stewards, iust and loyall:  
But of the Realme Iames was the Steward royall,  
In cares, no lesse then Namerbut euer heedfull  
To furnish it with noble things, or needefull.  
If Heauen and Earth did all their Forces muster,  
You should not finde a gentler nor a fuster.

The flower of Kings, the King of flowers is wasted  
The Rose of England in the Spring is blasted:  
When in the Ram his beams young Phæbus scatred,  
The Ram of death ibe Fort of Phæbus batred.  
Yet bath Breda thrice three months siege endured,  
If life no more in peace then warre secured?

# A Cypres Garland.

Great Britaine and Breda haue lost their Maisters:

(Alas! that heere they were no longer lasters)

Of Peace and Warre the ornaments are spoyled:

Their faces Death and not their fame hath soyled.

The one with peace, which Mars the other sided:

Yet neither were in life, nor death, denided.

Both in a yeare, too late they were ingendred:

Both in a yeare, too soone to death surrendered.

But with my plaints why should I others mingle?

The sorrow which I suffer is not single.

His Holland hath no need my teares to borow,

Enough is me to share in Englands sorow.

Nor haue they so muchinke on vs bestowed,

For all the blood which from our breasts hath flowed.

Why



# A Cypres Garland.

*Why was the fatall Spinster so vnthrifty?  
To draw my third foure yeares to tell and fifty?  
Why did not Atropos in peeces rauil  
My string of life and cut it with my N auil?  
Curs'd be the day that I was borne, and cursed  
The nights that haue so long my sorows nurced.  
Yet grieve is by the surer side my brother:  
The child of payne, and Payne was eke my mother.  
Vbochildren had, the Arke had men as many,  
Of which, my selfe except, now breathes not any.  
Nor Vrsula my deere, nor Phil my daughter:  
Amongst vs death hath made so dire a slaughter.  
Them and my Martyn haue I wretch suruiued:  
But all their deaths, my Soueraigne's hath retriued.*

# A Cypres Garland.

*Each yeare, moneth, weeke, day, houre, I loose some  
So from my selfe, and all, I part by peeces: (fleeces,  
The whilst I stand in controuersy, whether,  
More Sigh and weepe, I, or the winde and weather.  
This is the yeare that all good hearts hath galled,  
Let it no yeare of I V B I L E be called:  
This is the moneth of Mars to him so bloody,  
Because he still the arts of peace did study:  
This is the dismal day, the sea' un and twentieth,  
That of no kinde of Spring or sweetnesse senteth:  
When as the Sun (no Sunday that, nor holy)  
Did set at noone, and was ecclipsed wholly.*

*Was neuer March so moyst, had heau'n refrained  
From teares, our eies more then enough had rained.*

*Each*

*And*

# A Cypres Garland.

*And yet, oh furious, oh infernall Feauer!*

*So great, so pretious dust, no March had euer.*

*Yet in this moneth (how haue the Fates reuolued?)*

*The great Elizament to dust dissolued:*

*Yea, in this moneth his glorious Anne expired,*

*And drown'd his eies, through which his heart she fi-*

*Her liuely cheekes were like two louely spouses (red.*

*And bare the mingled badge of both the Houses.*

*For, howsoeuer now we see it coyned,*

*K. James the Realmes, and she the Roses ioyned.*

*This Sun and Moone betwixt them did ingender*

*A Starre, that both their lights alone doth render:*

*Young Charlemaine the ioy of either nation:*

*Great by his birth, and good in expectation*

# A Cypres Garland.

*His Fathers throne ô may he long inherit:*

*His Heire in blood, his Successor in merit.*

*With cares, with feares, at home, vntost, vntroubled?*

*His Fathers longest reigne in his be doubled.*

*But if vn-friends abroad our peace affrighten,*

*In armes so will he thunder, and so lighten:*

*That all the troupes before his face shall tremble,*

*And more their malice, then their feares dissemble.*

*My Liege, my Lord, my transitory treasure,*

*Amid these worldly woes a world of pleasure;*

*You now a triple Crowne haue in possession:*

*Yet must the same demisse to your succession.*

*But may that day, then all our dayes be later,*

*Yea turne the world to fire, now turn'd to water.*

*But*

# A Cypres Garland.

*But had you twenty more, imagin rather  
Your gaine the lesse by loosing such a Father.  
You are a lively Statua of that Quarry,  
Whereof was also hew'd your brother Harry,  
Your Sister Marie, and your Sister Sophey,  
Death ouer them erected hath a trophy.  
And now (my grieffe I can no longer smother)  
Remarried are your Father and your Mother.  
Prophaner heeles on sacred foreheads trample:  
At Westminster we daily see the sample.  
Where now do lie their bones, but voyd of marrow,  
For whom this Isle, and Ireland were too narrow.*

*Man is but onely Proclamation building:  
All but on clay, though some haue gayer guilding.*

*But*

*And*

# A Cypres Garland. A

And Kings are made, what else so ere we clatter,  
To nobler ends, but of no nobler matter.  
Of limmes or lineaments so strong or handsome,  
Who breaths that from the grave his head may raise  
Remember this my Liege, & then remember, (some  
Of whom (now head of all) you are a member,  
Con you the lessons which he gaue your Brother,  
(Perhaps at parting too he gaue some other)  
For rule you must a people of that brauery:  
That can nor brooke all freedom, nor all slavery.  
God prosper you (for God must be the groundsell)  
And send you still an understanding Counsell,  
That they may giue, and keepe, with hearts vnholow  
And that you counsell may discerne, and follow.  
Then



# A Cyphus Garland A

The Giver deepe, the Follower yet is deeper,  
But Cabinet of counsell is the Keeper.  
And those of you shall ever most be loved,  
Who lou'd your Father, & whose Faith he proued.  
His heart profound, his tongue was prompt & ready  
His head for counsels fit, nor counsels heady.  
His eares to suitors open were, and heedie,  
So were his hands, but some were ouer greedy.  
He neither husband of his wife deceaued,  
Nor of their husbands many miues bereaued.  
Nor any Fathers made, nor Mothers harmed,  
His brest no Mars vnjust nor Venus warmed.  
To blacke reuenge his edge was also blunted,  
For after human blood, he neuer bunted.

CH

C

And

# A Cypres Garland.

*And when for exercise the fields he rainged,  
Minerua seem'd into Diana chainged.  
His kingdome was of wits, in euery knolledge  
An Academy, and his Court a Colledge.  
Where Cynthia sometimes shone, Apollo's sister,  
Apollo selfe did with the Muses glister.  
Be prooffe his prose, and well accented Sonets,  
To which the brauest witts may vaile their bonets.  
Not euery day, nor euery yeare I tro it,  
Is either borne a King, or yet a Poët:  
The best of either, him but hardly matched:  
" In euery nest the Phœnix is not hatched.  
No King with matter fit his Muse could furnish,  
No Poët could his Kingly actions burnish.  
End His*

# A Cypres Garland. A

*His Holy Soule to see the parts and factions,  
That in the Christian Corps, made such distractions,  
Was inly vext: for as his Pen beewreathed  
With endles bayes, his sword he would haue sheathed  
Within those bowels, that in part haue eaten  
Thine Heritage ô Christ, and all do threaten.  
Of Christendome though bee a phord the cumpers,  
A battell yet he sung in haughty numbers:  
That all may gather how that Heauenly poëm,  
Was of his great intentions but the proëm.  
Lepanto, which he did so loudly warble,  
That it surmounts Messina brasse, and marble  
When hea'vn the childe of Austria so inflamed  
That halfe the Turkey pride, he quickly tamed.*

# A Cypres Garland. A

While be and his, of Heav'n & Earth were parters,  
For Earth the victors had, & Heav'n the martyres.  
A happy man to do such acts requir'd;  
But happy more to leave his acts so crown'd.

Eliza faire with her sin forraigne regions  
Who marched in the front of many legions.  
Perhaps but hardly knowes of her disaster,  
But ill Report when good, say flyeth afeare.  
Then you my Lords of Holland looke vnto it,  
Let none i'rell, and punish her what do it.  
Least when Report this in her eare hath sound  
Your Country with her teares, and theirs be drum'd.  
The Rhine with all his waters sad and fable,  
To waile her huge misfortune is not able.

Then

# A Cypres Garland.

Then you great Lord, that were to me so gracious,  
In twenty weekes (a time not very spacious)  
To cause me thrice to kisse (me thrice your depter)  
That hand which bore the Lilly-bearing Scepter  
Yet needed none, who thinks it is too silly,  
His Arme the Scepter was, his Hand the Lilly,  
Commanded the seas (the seas you have in keeping,  
As Admirall) to helpe us in our weeping.  
You of the greatest Isle, no petty piller,  
Who beare the name of George the Dragon-Killer;  
Ab! could not you, and could not all the Order?  
That Dragon-Feuer hunte out of that border?  
Was euer King, or Maritime, or Mercian,  
Before this heard to dye, but of a Tertian?

# A Cypres Garland.

Can vulgars scape the dropsie, scape the Phthisick  
And is there for the Crowned head no physicke?

Oh subject state of Kings to hard condicions,  
Betwixt our flatteries, and their owne suspicions!  
Whose mindes to practise on the flatterer spares not,  
But on their bodies the Phisition dares not:

Our breasts the Surgeon opens with their bowells,  
And mutes before, will then be sounding vowels.

Malignant Feuer hence, and get thee further,  
To beastly men, who take delight in murther:  
Among the Turkes abide, among the Tartars;  
And folke that would infest the Christian quarters  
On Infidels, or Pagans, go and glut thee,  
But if thy fellow-Canniballs rebut thee,

Then



# A Cypres Garland.

*Then with thee take the Plague thy cosin-fury:*

*Hence and in hell your selues for euer bury.*

*But (Lord) why should we line a minute longer?*

*For (saue the Truth) what then a King is stronger*

*The King is dead, yet this the Law denyeth,*

*And saith the King of England neuer dyeth:*

*But Iames is dead, and he the kingdome guided,*

*The Person and the Office are diuided:*

*This and his virtues from his Seede to seuer,*

*May Fates be able neuer, neuer, neuer.*

*O would his Spirit now my senses ravish,*

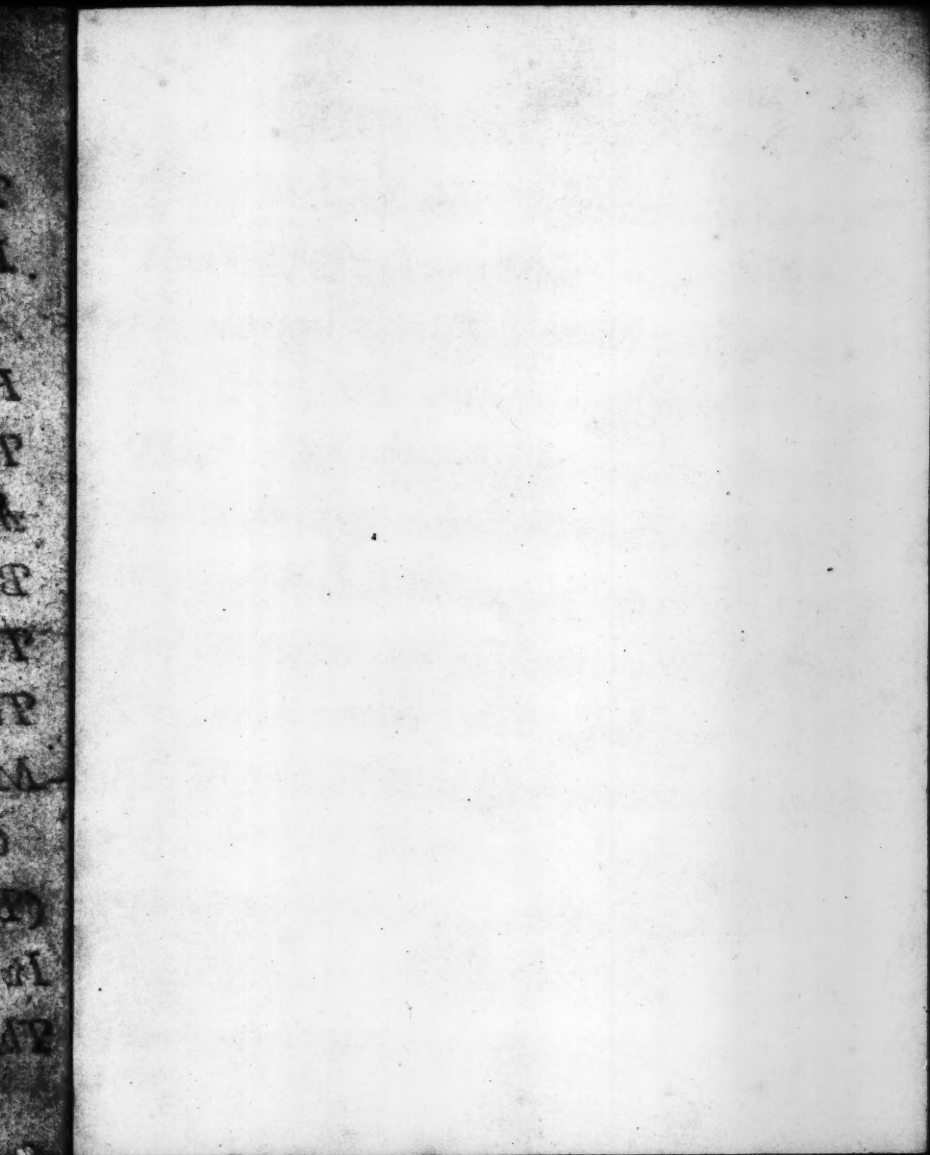
*(But this desire of mine is too too lauish)*

*I would inchant the world with these my Muses,*

*That haue no Life but what his Death infuses.*

A Gypsy Grand A

In which I intend to make as long as I shall be able  
Of Peace he was a Justice & Minister in his time  
Peace as a present to the Realm he intended  
And as a legacy to the same he intended  
Which his Executors will see performed  
What though the Nation have a little more  
King Charles will still be his Father's humor  
And stop the Rage of more, if not the Rage of all  
That Adam of God (that God of men) applied  
His heart to peace, so shall and should our



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1070. 6. 12.  
Garland.

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By Hugh Holland.

P. Oud. Naja.

Infectu habicum tempus huius habet

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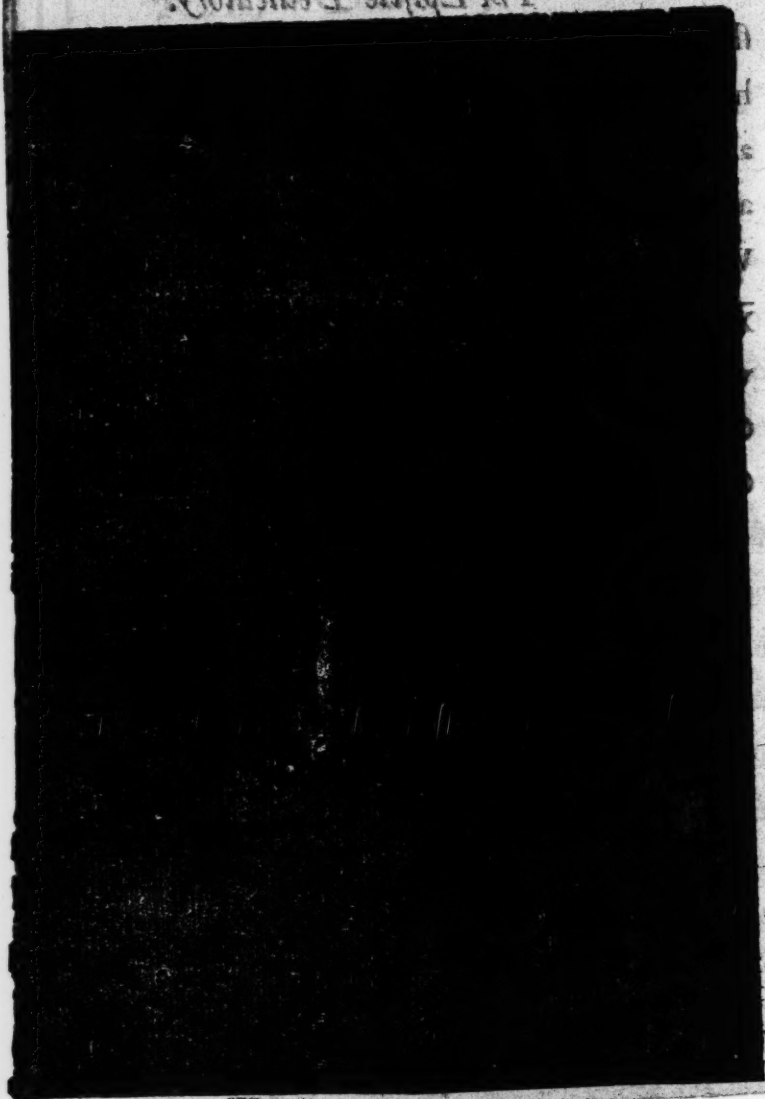
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Three Earles, two Dukes, a Marquis & a Baron:  
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*Their faces Death and not their fame hath soyled.*

*The one with peace, which Mars the other sided:*

*Yet neither were in life, nor death, deuided.*

*Both in a yeare, too late they were ingendred.*

*Both in a yeare, too soone to death surrendered.*

*But with my plaints why should I others mingle?*

*The sorrow which I suffer is not single.*

*His Holland hath no need my teares to borrow,*

*Enough is me to share in Englands sorrow.*

*Nor haue they so muchinke on vs bestowed,*

*For all the blood which from our breasts hath flowed.*

*Where*

*B*

*Why*



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To draw my third foure yeares to tell and fifty?  
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The nights that haue so long my sorow nurced.  
Yet grieve is by the surer side my brother:  
The child of payne, and Payne was eke my mother.  
VWho children had, the Arke had men as many,  
Of which, my selfe except, now breathes not any.  
Nor Virgula my deere, nor Phil my daughter:  
Amongst vs death hath made so dire a slaughter.  
Them and my Martyn haue I wretch surviu'd:  
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*Amid these worldly woes a world of pleasure,*

*You now a triple Crowne haue in possession:*

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*But may that day, then all our dayes be later,*

*Yea turne the world to fire, now turn'd to water.*

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God prosper you (for God must be the groundsell)

And send you still an understanding Counsell,

That they may giue, and keepe, with hearts vnholow

And that you counsell may discerne, and follow.

Then



# A Gyphes Garland A

The Giuer deepe, the Follower yet is deeper.  
But Cabinet of counsellis the Keeper.  
And those of you shall neuer most be loued,  
Who lou'd your Father, & whose Faith he proued.  
His heare profound, his tongue was prompt & ready  
His head for counsels fit, not counsels heady.  
His eares to suitors open were, and heedie,  
So were his hands, but some were ouer greedy.  
He neither husband of his wife deceaued,  
Nor of their husbands many wiues bereaued.  
Nor any Fathers made, nor Mothers harmed,  
His brest no Mars vniust nor Venus warmed.  
To blacke reuenge his edge was also blunted,  
For after human blood, he neuer hunted.

C

And



# A Cypres Garland.

And when for exercise the fields he rainged,  
Minerua seem'd into Diana chainged.  
His kingdome was of wits, in every knolledge  
In Academy, and his Court a Colledge.  
Where Cynthia sometimes shone, Apollo's sister,  
Apollo selfe did with the Muses glister.  
He prooffe his prose, and well accented Sonets,  
To which the bravest witts may vaile their bonets.  
Not every day, nor every yeare I tro it,  
Is either borne a King, or yet a Poët:  
The best of either, him but hardly matched:  
In every nest the Phenix is not hatched.  
No King with matter fit his Muse could furnish,  
No Poët could his Kingly actions burnish.  
His

# A Cypres Garland. A

*His Holy Soule to see the parts and factions,  
That in the Christian Corps, made such distraction  
Was inly vext: for as his Pen bee wreathed  
With endles bayes, his sword he would haue sheathe  
Within those bowels, that in part haue eaten  
Thine Heritage o Christ, and all do threaten.  
Of Christendome though hee abbord the cumber,  
A battell yet he sung in haughty numbers:  
That all may gather how that Heauenly poëm,  
Was of his great intentions but the proëm.  
Lepanto, which he did so loudly warble,  
That it surmounts Messina brasse, and marble  
When heau'n the childe of Austria so inflamed  
That halfe the Turkey pride, he quickly tamed.*

# A Cypres Garland. A

While he and his, of Heau'n & Earth were parters,  
or Earth the victors had, & Heau'n the martyres.

A happy man to do such acts renoued;  
But happy more to leaue his acts so crown'd.

Eliza faire with hers in forraigne regions:  
Who marched in the front of many legions.

Perhaps but hardly knowes of her disaster,

But ill Report then good, ay flyeth faster:

Then you my Lords of Holland looke vnto it,

Let none it tell, and punish them that do it:

Least when Report this in her eare hath roured

Your Country with her teares, and theirs be drowned:

The Rhine with all his waters sad and fable,

To waile her huge misfortune is not able.

Then

# A Cypres Garland. A

Then you great Lord, that were to me so gracious,  
In twenty weekes (a time not very spacious)

To cause me thrice to kisse (me thrice your depter)

That hand which bore the Lilly-bearing Scepter

Yet needed none, who thinks it is too silly,

His Arme the Scepter was, his Hand the Lilly,

Command the seas (the seas you haue in keeping,

As Admirall) to helpe vs in our weeping,

You of the greatest Isle, no petty piller,

Who beare the name of George the Dragon-killer,

Ah! could not you, and could not all the Order?

That Dragon-Feuer hunt out of that border?

Was euer King, or Maritime, or Mercian,

Before this heard to dye, but of a Tertian?

# A Cypres Garland. A

Can vulgars scape the droppe, scape the Phthisick?  
And is there for the Crowned head no physicke?

Oh subject state of Kings to hard condicions,  
Berwixt our flatteries, and their owne suspicions!

Whose mindes to practise on the flatterer spares not,  
But on their bodies the Phisition dares not:

Our brests the Surgeon opens with their bowells,  
And mutes before, will then be sounding vowels.

Malignant Feuer hence, and get thee further,  
To beastly men, who take delight in murther:

Among the Turkes abide, among the Tarters;

And folke that would infest the Christian quarters

On Infidels, or Pagans, go and glut thee,

But if thy fellow Canniballs rebut thee,

Then

# A Cypres Garland.

*Then with thee take the Plague thy cosin-fier:  
Hence and in hell your selues for euer bury.*

*But (Lord) why should we liue a minute longer  
For (saue the Truth) what then a King is stronger  
The King is dead, yet this the Law denyeth,  
And saith the King of England neuer dyeth:  
But James is dead, and he the kingdome guided,  
The Person and the Office are diuided:  
This and his virtues from his Seede to seuer,  
May Fates be able neuer, neuer, neuer.*

*O would his Spirit now my senses rauish,  
(But this desire of mine is too too lauish)  
I would inchant the world with these my Muses,  
That haue no Life but what his Death infuses.*



# A Cypres Garland A

In euery Land, to make no long reherfall,  
Of Peace he was a Iustice vniuersall.  
Peace as a present to the Realme he beached,  
And as a legacy the same bequeached.  
Which his Executor will see performed,  
What though the Nations haue a little stormed.  
King Charles will follow still his Fathers humors,  
And stop the Rage of warre, if not the Rumors.  
That Man of God, that God of men applyed,  
His heart to peace: so lined, and so dyed.

FF. N. IS.